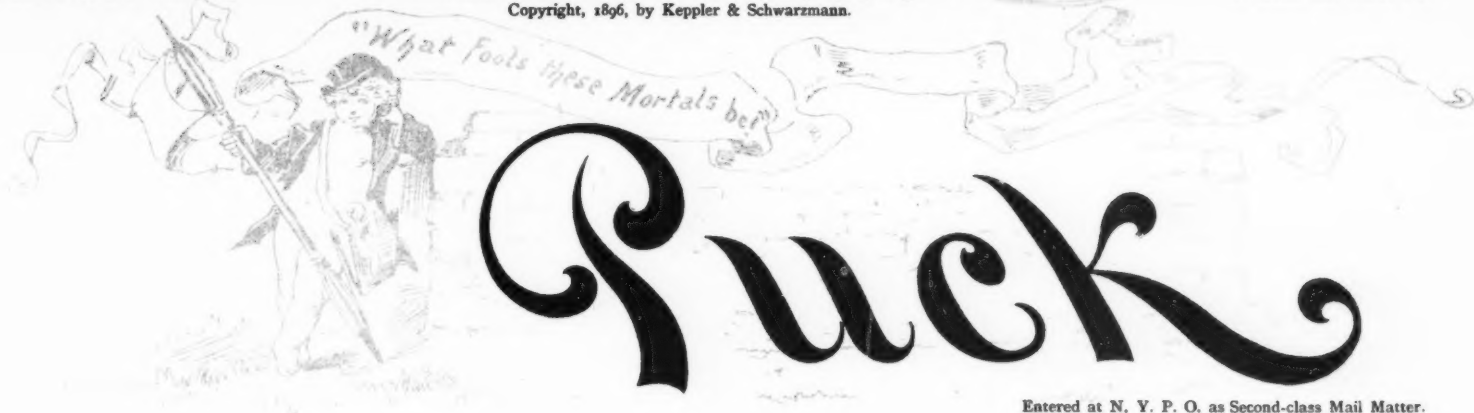


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THEY BOTH CLAIM HIM.

EASTERN "GOLD BUG."—He's ours!—he has n't said so yet,—but he will!

WESTERN "SILVERITE."—Not much; he's ours!—he's said so already; lots of times!



ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

The weary maiden paused to rest
Upon a grassy mound;
Her escort, seated at her side,
A daisy necklet wound.
She curved her fair arm on a rock
And leaned her brow upon it,
And while she curved and leaned, a goat
Ate up her new Spring bonnet.

Madeline Orvis.

HOW IT IS DONE.

THE SPANISH general gazed intently at a map of Cuba. Poising his lead pencil in the air, he whirled it gently in circles.

Then, closing his eyes, he began to repeat a Spanish translation of "Dickery, dickery, dock."

As the last words left his lips, he brought the pencil down, and, opening his eyes, saw that the point rested on the name "Arroyo la Vieja."

"That sounds all right," he observed, complacently.

Then, turning to his secretary, he said: "I have selected the name of our latest victory. Telegraph that we defeated the insurgents yesterday in a tremendous battle at Arroyo la Vieja."

"Were they commanded by Gomez or Maceo?"

"I don't know," said the general, petulantly. "Whose turn is it to be defeated? Can't you attend to the details without bothering me? I have enough to do to arrange the general plan of campaign."

W. M.



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OUSTED.

MRS. CATCHINGS.—John, I think it is an outrage! Bridget entertains her young man the entire evening, and every evening in the week, down at the garden gate.

MR. CATCHINGS.—Well, I see no objection to that; it is better than having her bring her fellows in the house.

MRS. CATCHINGS (*indignantly*).—Yes; but our Maud never gets a chance at the gate at all.

ABNORMAL.

FIRST BOARDER.—Do you know, I've gained twelve pounds in the last three months!

SECOND BOARDER.—Better see a doctor! Must be something wrong.

DISQUALIFIED.

"BROWN HAD to give up trying to be an after-dinner speaker."

"Why so?"

"He at last came to the conclusion that he was one of those unfortunate men who can not talk when they are sober, nor think when they are drunk."

A POINT IN ITS FAVOR.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Do you think a bounty is preferable to a protective tariff?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Decidedly. With a bounty you can tell at the end of each year just how much the country has been robbed.

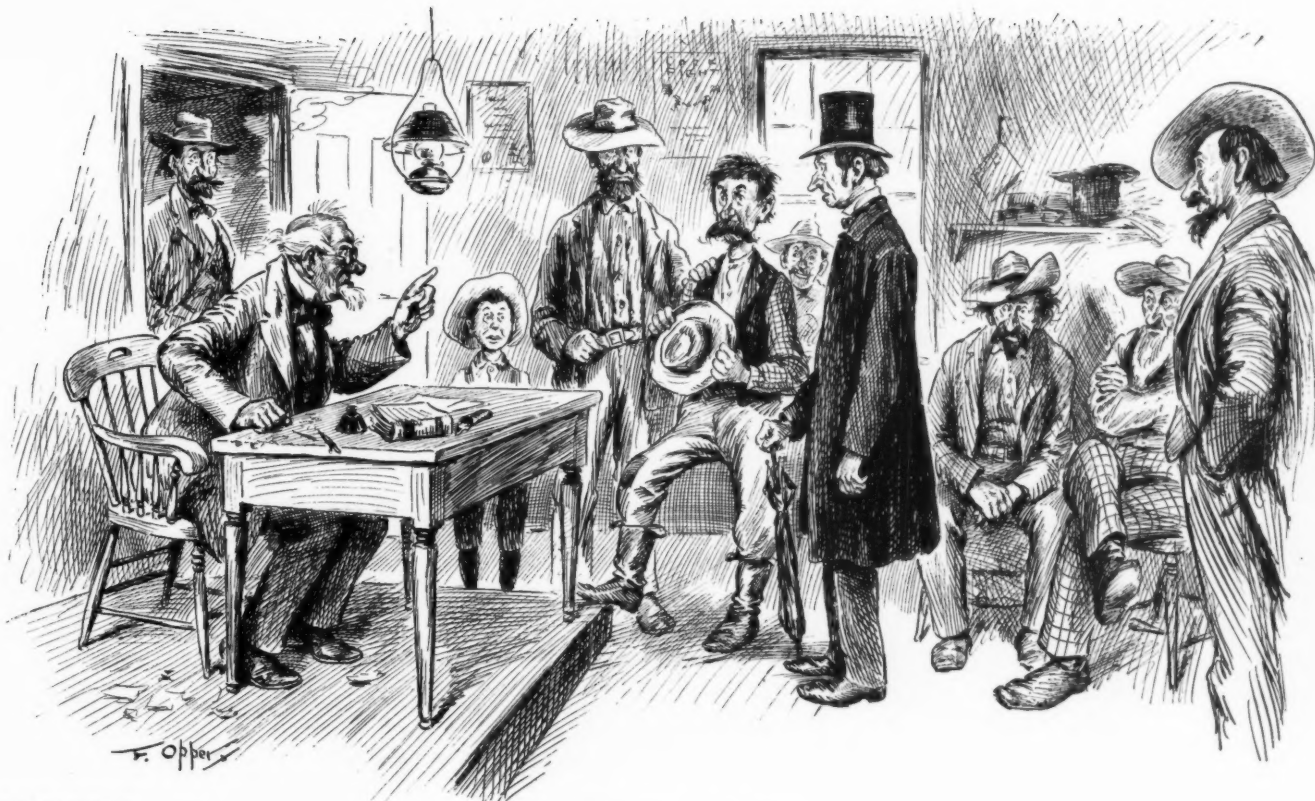
THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE MORTON MAN.—Oh! you'll find there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

THE MCKINLEY MAN.—Yes; but some folks don't seem to recognize when the cup *has* slipped.

A LANDSLIDE IS what the partisan editor thinks he has discovered when he finds a man whom he expects to vote his ticket.





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ONE ON THE PARSON.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Yo' air charged with misappropriatin' Parson Goodman's money, whilst yo' wuz in his employ, suh. How do yo' plead to this indictment?

PRISONER.—I on'y took five dollahs, suh!—to bet on a cock-fight, suh.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE (pettishly aggrieved).—Parson Goodman, suh!—this indictment appeahs to be sadly defective, suh! How could youah money hev been misappropriated, suh, ef it wuz bet on a cock-fight, suh? I shall discharge the defendant, suh!



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AFTER BEARDSLEY.

TWO LUMPS of black side by side,
Two eyes expressive of harm,—
Copper-plate mouth to deride,
Feet on the end of each arm;
Waist that a wasp would disown,
Simply a line, superfine;
Merely a wig and a bone—
This is a Beardsley design.

Blue little boy in a boat,
Palpably ill with the rickets;
Red and white waves done by rote,
All in a line like fence pickets;
Beautiful dove with four legs,
Walking about on a screen
Covered with clouds like boiled
eggs—
This is a Beardsley marine.

Lady with horns and a wig,
Eating a dining-room chair;
Close by a demon as big
As the Nansen balloon filled
with air;

Lank person counting his bones,
Attitude, unpicturesque;
Weirdest of colors and tones—
This is a Beardsley grotesque.

Irvin Beaumont.

AN INVERTED FISH STORY.

JONAH'S WHALE.—The other day I caught the biggest man I ever saw—regular giant—ten foot high at least, and weighed about half a ton. Had him inside of me for three days, but he got away at last.

CHORUS OF LITTLE FISHES.—Oh! Oh! That's a regular man story!

THE SIZE OF IT.

"I should think it would take all you could make to pay for so much advertising."

"It would take more than I could make to pay for less."

THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY.

FRIEND. What made you leave Harlem?

SUBURBANITE.—A young lady who was learning to play the piano.

IF YOU stand on your dignity too much, it is only a question of time when somebody will sit on you.



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THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY.

MRS. FACHONS.—Is your family an old one, Mr. Millions?

CHOLLY MILLIONS.—Naw. I'm the first of me line;—me faw-thaw 's in twade, ye know.

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MR. MEDDERS.—But I'm afraid they be a leetle too high.
MR. STICKINSKY.—Ah! mein goot man, dot is vere you vas wrong. Dose drouzers I hat me made oxspressly fer schentlemen vot lives in der gountry undt somedimes comes to der city. No bickpockets gan in dose pockets get. Schoost vait till I puts on der vest.



MR. STICKINSKY.—Now, how vas dot? No von gan get his hands in dose pockets, eh?

THE RISE AND FALL OF A LITERARY SYNDICATE.



HE DIFFERENCE between a newspaper man and a journalist," said the Baron, "is that one wears two shirts one week and the other wears one shirt two weeks. We are all journalists," added the Baron, impressively. Then everybody looked solemn and said nothing.

The scene was in the editorial rooms of the *Evening Error*. There had been a change of management which had inaugurated a Sound Financial Policy, of which economy was the key-note, and starvation the result, for the space staff had grown as poor as the paper.

The famine district of the *Evening Error* office was somewhat back from where the opulent salaried men sat and jingled their gold, for the lines between poverty and wealth were as sharply drawn here as out in the cold, cruel world. But still the ghastly merriment of penury was rampant in that shabby corner. Above the two rickety desks that all claimed in common stray bits of bogus literature were pasted.

The song of "Hard Times Come Again No More" was stuck beneath an allegorical chromo entitled, "A Vision of Hope." The legend "We Want Money!" was tagged to a gaudy representation of the Chicago World's Fair, and the whole implied a pathetic cheerfulness of conscious but independent poverty.

"Something must be done," said Count Gilfoil.

"Something must be done," echoed Sir Francis Iveigh.

They were all scions of noble houses on the *Evening Error*.

"Why not start a news bureau?" inquired the Baron. "I have the numbers of all the vacant lots and stables in the city; under such circumstances it would not be hard to get up good, reliable news notes."

"The idea is splendid," said the Count. "We will set up a syndicate and news bureau. But, Baron, you know your reputation for professional mendacity in every newspaper office in this city. Your name in any connection with a news story would mean our downfall. We will form the news bureau under one condition, and that is, that your name shall not figure in the combine."

The Baron drew himself up proudly. "Knowing the associates I will have in the scheme," he said, "I most heartily agree with your last remark. That my name *does not* figure in the syndicate is the only condition under which I will connect myself with it."

To Count Gilfoil, who was the least known of the syndicate, was appointed the task of "jollying" the city editors and shaking hands on Park Row; while Sir Francis and the Baron made Harlem and the annexed districts the scene of their operations.

The first batch of news was: "Rattling Mills in Well Known Sporting Resorts Not a Hundred Miles from this City."

The next was: "Rumors that a Syndicate of Capitalists Intend Building a Thirty-story Business Building Uptown."

Then, after building sky-scraping structures on all the vacant lots above Fifty-ninth Street, the Bureau languished for a while.

Then a bright idea struck Sir Francis. That night the Baron was

beaten in a terrible manner by an unknown ruffian, and, dragging himself to the nearest police station, told his story. It made a column and a half. The programme was repeated the next night in another precinct, the next night in another.

The police were powerless to catch "the ruffian who wantonly assaulted reputable citizens in the residence portion of the city." The papers teemed with accounts of Jack, the Slugger. Citizens were terrorized. Church members vied with each other in signing petitions to establish corner saloons on quiet streets, so as to be assured of police protection.

The syndicate had almost all of their chattels out of pawn when misfortune fell upon it. The Baron refused to be assaulted any longer.

"You fellows," and he said "fellows" with deadly emphasis, "have



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ANOTHER MYSTERY SOLVED.

BOBBY (to the visiting PASTOR).—Say, what is that hole in the top of your hat for?

THE PASTOR (wishing to be instructive).—Don't you know? Now, try and guess.

BOBBY.—Oh, I know! Pop says you talk through your hat, and that must be the hole it goes through.

made both fame and fortune at the expense of my personal appearance and wearing apparel. Besides this, you claim I am not a *bona-fide* member of the bureau, and I am refused a one-third share in the proceeds. Gentlemen,"—again the deadly emphasis—"I have had four black eyes and eight bloody noses, and my miserly portion of the divide has not paid for the clothes that were torn in my struggle to defend myself from the burly ruffian." And he glowered at Sir Francis in a meaning way. Prayers and coaxings were of no avail. The Baron utterly refused longer to be the "gentlemanly stranger assaulted on Lenox Avenue," or the "well-known citizen brutally attacked on One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street."

Again the syndicate languished. No money came in, the Jack the Slugger excitement had died down. The bureau was in despair, and another meeting was called. Still the Baron stood firm to his resolve, and refused to be knocked down and beaten either for the benefit of himself or the bureau.

"I am too well known to the police, as the citizen who comes to your assistance, to be the victim, myself," said Sir Francis; "and the Count has a pull like Hanlon with the city editor of *The Earth*, our main reliance, so it is folly to think of taking him from his department. What's to be done?"

The Baron pondered deeply, then he spoke:

"The difference between a newspaper man and a journalist—"

But Sir Francis interrupted him.

"You have worn those shirts threadbare," he said, coldly; "suggest something sensible at a time when something sensible means news items, and news items mean beef and beans."

The Baron was silent several minutes, then he spoke:

"I'll do it!" he said; then added, "I have a plan; you have had lots of fun with me; you refuse to be a victim yourself, now I will have the fun; but I also want two-thirds of the profit. I will do a little knocking down, myself. You were never caught thumping me. I can run as fast as you." The syndicate grasped his meaning and his hand, and the Baron looked proud.

The next night a simon-pure citizen was knocked down and beaten on upper Eighth Avenue by a burly ruffian.

The Baron was the b. r. himself.

The next morning the bureau had a four-column story in *The Earth*, and the Baron carried himself like the celebrated Fitzsimmons, and wore a red handkerchief around his neck.

The next night the programme was repeated. "Jack the Slugger Has the Police in Despair," was the headline. The Baron talked of biceps and chest measurement, and ate raw meat and drank ale. Incidentally it may be mentioned that he demanded and got five-eighths of the proceeds.

But pride goeth before a fall.

His next intended victim was a man without money and tired of life. The Baron was bested and captured. It was all the same to the syndicate. It knew it must die now. It remembered the Baron's arrogance, and it expired in a blaze of glory. That night it toiled till 2 A. M.

"Jack the Slugger Catches a Tartar."

"The Ruffian Captured at Last."

"A Well-Known Athlete Vanquishes the Terror of Harlem."

These were the sample headlines that told the tale of the Baron's downfall in all the words necessary.

Now was the heyday of the bureau.

"Talks with the Ruffian."

"Interviews with Jack the Slugger," etc., followed in quick succession.

Finally pity was taken on him; the true story was told to his last victim, who, withal, was a good fellow, and he refused to appear as a witness. Then, after many days, the Baron appeared, pale and broken in spirit, in the famine district of the *Evening Error* office.

Here for the first time he learned that the Count and Sir Francis had bought out a religious weekly with the proceeds of the ten-strike of his capture and incarceration, and had left journalism forever.



THERE ARE OTHERS.

"Jones is what you might call a bicycle jingo."

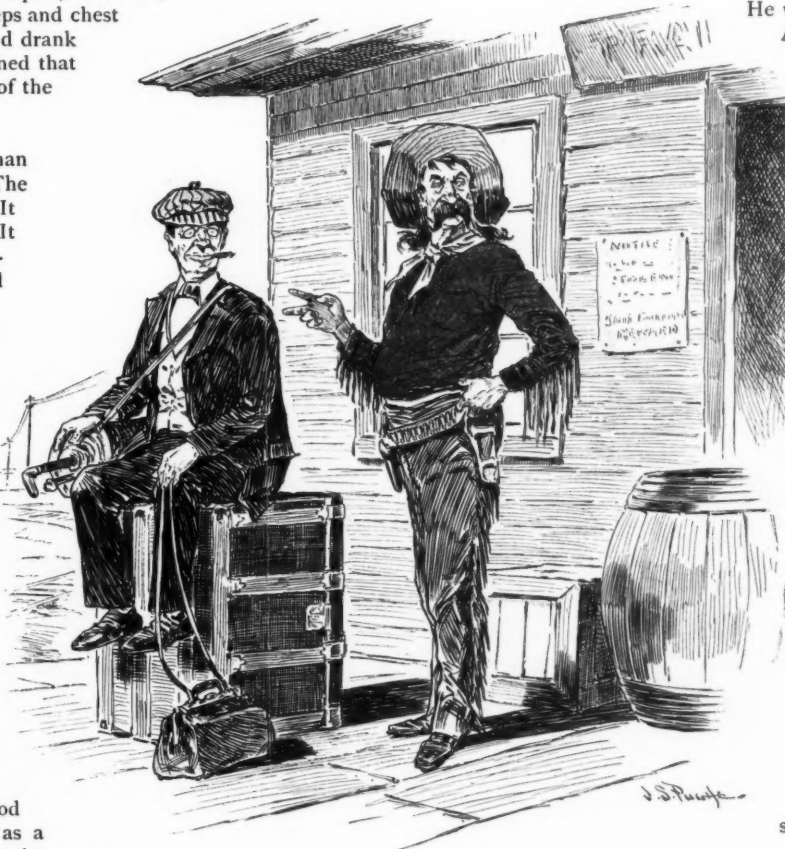
"What do you mean by that?"

"A man who feels like fighting anybody who says his wheel is not the best made."

He walked away without a word.

A year later, Count Gilfoil, out late one bitter night, accosted a frankfurter seller on Avenue A, and tasted of his wares. Something in the graceful sweep of the mustard fork across the steaming sausage struck the sub-editor of the *Weekly Bluelight* as strangely familiar. He led the sausage merchant to the light; one glance into that pale, patrician face, and, despite the ravages of time and five-cent shaves, he recognized his man. There was a quick, sharp gasp of recognition from both noblemen, then Count Gilfoil turned down the darkened street, yet following him like a malediction came the deep, sonorous voice of the Baron, "All hot, all hot!" till a bitter wind tore down the silent street and howled above the housetops through the wires and drowned that plaintive cry.

Roy L. McCardell.



SHARP HOOKS.

TOURIST (in Oklahoma).—Justice of the Peace, Hooks, is a very far-seeing man, is n't he?

ALKALI IKE.—Far-seein'? You bet he is! Never takes no chances, Hooks don't! Whenever a strange couple rounds up before him to have the marriage ceremony administered to 'em, he looks the groom in the eye an' asks: "Will you take this yere woman for better or worse, young feller, an' pay me two dollars an' fifty cents, cash down, for marryin' you to her?"

THE QUESTION of "precedence," nowadays, is generally settled by a man's ability to hustle.

A MAN OFTEN spends all of his money trying to get something for nothing.

THE "FLYER" in stocks often turns out to be a "header."

MONEY SHOULD not talk when it goes to the opera.



GROUNDLESS APPREHENSION.

This is the man who hesitated about getting married — fearing the monotony of living with one person all his life.

NO DISPUTING ABOUT TASTES.

FIRST TRAMP.—I would n't mind havin' de price to take in de ball-game to-day.

SECOND TRAMP.—Well, you have queer notions, you have! Want ter see a lot uv ducks runnin' an' slidin' an' kickin' and gettin' demselves excited on a hot day.

A FIT MAUSOLEUM.

"He disinherited all his relatives; yet they put a costly monument over his grave."

"Did you see the monument?"

"No."

"I did; and I'm not surprised at their action. The monument consists of a huge marble heart."



VERY HUMAN.

'RASTUS.—Lawd! *would n'* I like to see de little one kill de big one!

MOSE.—Out ob sympathy?

'RASTUS.—Exac'ly; — we 'd hab de big one' foh supper.

A NEW INFANT INDUSTRY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I wonder if there is any duty on photographs taken abroad by the Roentgen process?

SECOND CITIZEN.—If there is n't, there ought to be. Think we want to have this country flooded with cheap German photographs of the human interior?

IT IS A DISEASE.

MR. BANKS.—I see that it has been discovered that paper money carries the germs of disease.

MRS. BANKS. — Ah! then that is the reason so many bank cashiers go to Canada for their health.

WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

Although our peaceful policy
All show of warfare bars,
We have a standing army large
Upon the Broadway cars.



REMINISCENCES.

FIRST ACTOR.—Remember when we were on the road in that war play—scene laid in the South in sixty-two?

SECOND ACTOR.—Yes;—eggs laid in the West in sixty-one!

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PUGILISM.

REPORTER.—How do you account for the defeat of Prof. Spatter in his fight with the Bowery Buzz Saw?

TRAINER.—He was over-trained. Why, he had an attack of writer's cramp two days before the contest!

MY DUCHESS.

She does not wear a coronet
To crown the glory of her face;
No peerage is she in, and yet —
I am a slave unto Her Grace.

AN OPINION.

YOUNG DOCTOR.—Which do you consider the best paying specialty?

OLD DOCTOR. — People who only think they are sick.

“ IS DE RUYTER a paragrapher?”

"No; he can't write a little bit."



THE WORLD may owe you a living,
but you will never get it by talking
about it.



H. C. Bunner

*May the light of some morning skies
In days when the sun knew how to rise,
Stay with my spirit until I go
To be the boy that I used to know.
From "ROWEN."*

THE DEATH OF HENRY CUYLER BUNNER at the age of forty-one is a heartless tragedy. The hope and the ardor of life were his by right through a long future, and that future held in trust for him great riches of the kind he prized.

Like the late Joseph Keppler, he devoted to this paper his best years and the full measure of his many-sided genius. The founding of PUCK in 1877 was the first notable stand in a struggle that had been going on in this country for more than half a century, to establish a humorous periodical of caricature. To make this stand an unquestioned victory, the pencil of a Keppler was first required; and next, the pen of a satirist, humorist and poet. And this more he had to be: one native to the soil, knowing the virtues and failings of our people, and in sympathetic accord with their quick, vigorous young life. Bunner's intense, intelligent Americanism, no less than his rare literary gifts and fine culture, fitted him to join effectively with Keppler in the building-up of this paper.

Few as were his years, his life was successful beyond most, for it was spent in unflinching devotion to his best ideals. To the day of his breaking-down he showed the same proud love for his craft that held him to it at twenty-five. He had, to an unusual degree, the singleness of purpose and inveterate earnestness, for the lack of which so many good artists are dulled into artisans by years of routine.

To his editorial writing he brought a keen, practical sagacity, a sense of humor always alert yet never obtrusive, and a literary finish rare in journalism. He had, too, a graceful flexibility in argument that compelled the quick good-will of his readers. Toward pretenders of any degree in politics, religion or social life his satire was merciless; but with those in honest error he was wisely considerate, and ready to reason them into the right, as he saw it, with tact and patience.

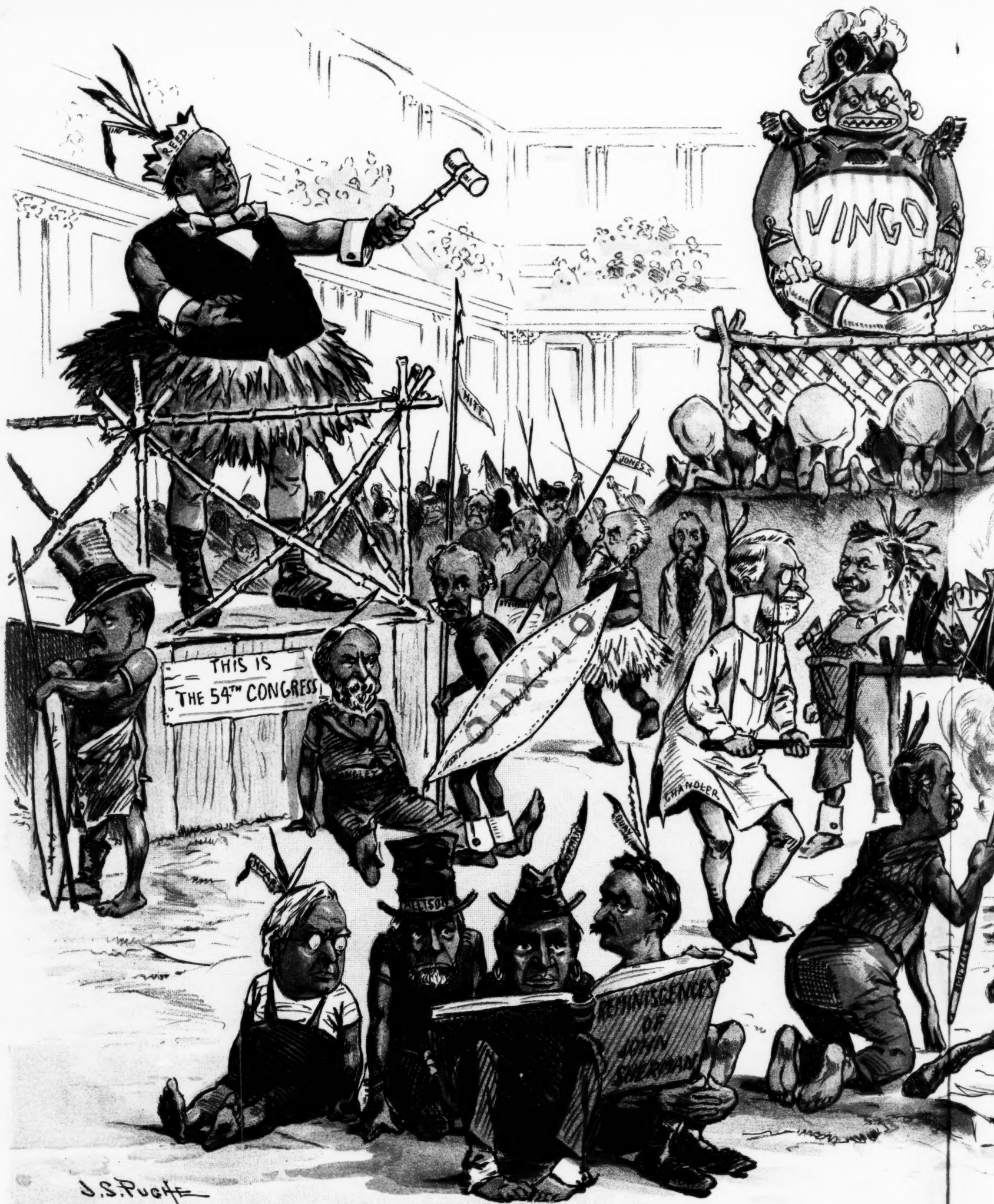
A truly catholic love and understanding of his kind made him a tender poet and a rare teller of tales. In this work he is invariably sane

and wholesome and humanizing, — which are valuable qualities in a day when so many fiction-writers run after strange gods. He believed with all his heart in the Story, and he was ever active in defending it against literary heretics and vandals. He had little patience with the professed realism that concerns itself with recording dry trivialities; and he was unaffectedly intolerant of fiction with a "purpose." He believed that a fairy-story might be told with as much verity as the multiplication table; and to work a moral into a tale, he contended, was not only to pervert a beautiful artistic form, but to take a mean advantage of the reader. And so, loving his art too well to make it serve any creed or theory, he has given us graceful, natural stories of men and women, — stories that sway our emotions powerfully by showing us our own familiar virtues and weaknesses.

Like Stevenson, Bunner had that wondrous human sympathy that goes straight to the hearts of men and women and makes them know him for their close kin. No one knew better than he that perfection is not of this world; and he was never shocked or discouraged, as so many moralists are, when he found some new proof that man is only human. Yet he was the reverse of cynical. He was just, kind and clear-seeing, and cheerfully hopeful for mankind in spite of its failings. And with all his human qualities he was a literary artist of such exquisite taste and unerring skill that his slightest production is a delight.

American literature has lost a man it could hardly spare, — one who stood for earnest effort always, and one whose works and reputation have a solid base of merit. As for his readers, there must be many that count his death as the loss of a well-loved friend and intimate.

To those who knew his simple, genuine ways, his fine courtesy, his staunch manhood; who have had his fast friendship and good-fellowship, and who have worked side by side with him for nearly a score of years, the sorrow of his going is more than may be told.



J. O'Meara Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

A FEW PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF

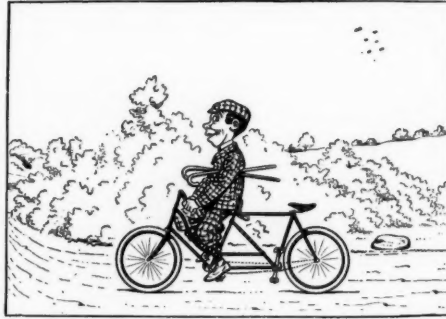


AN ACROBATIC ELOPEMENT; OR, HOW TRUE LOVE CAN SURMOUNT ALL DIFFICULTIES.

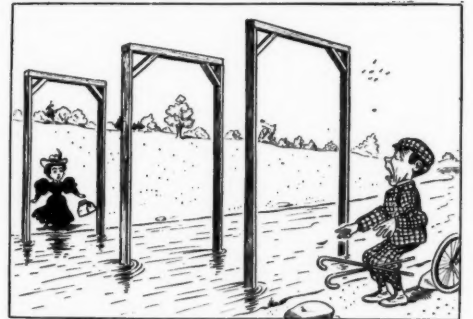
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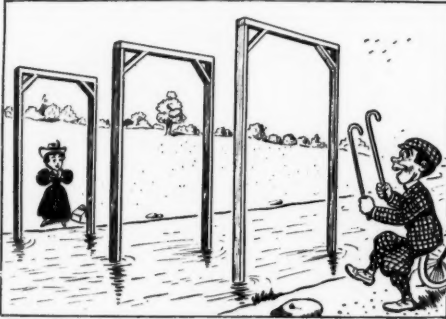
ANGELICA.—Farewell, farewell! A few moments more and I shall be safe in the arms of my Harry! And then, away! I am to meet him at the bridge.



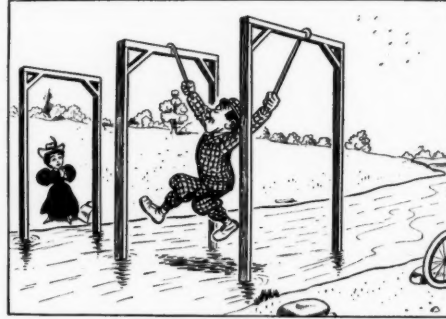
HARRY.—Ha! ha! On to the bridge, where my darling awaits me! Oh! what rapture! what joy!



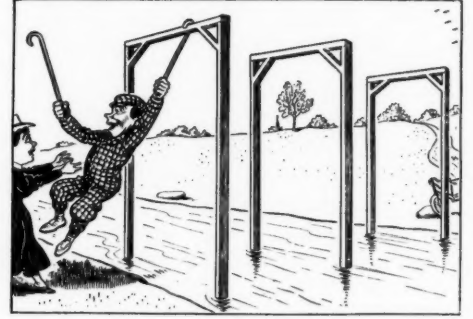
ANGELICA. } Oh! ye Gods! The freshet has carried
HARRY. } away the bridge!



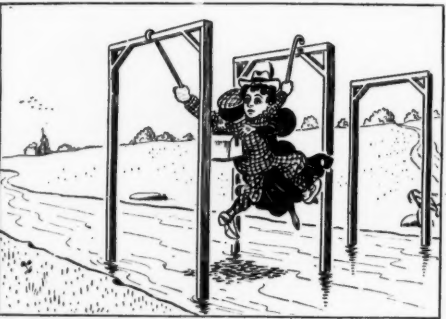
HARRY.—Never fear, my darling! Love will find a way. I did not stay two years in the gymnasium for nothing.



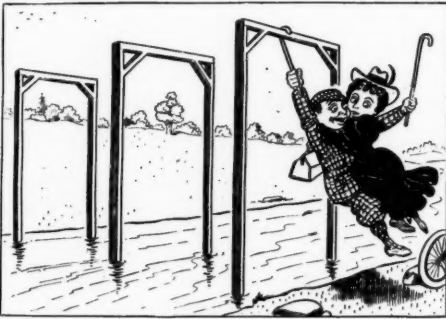
HARRY.—Ah! Angelica, naught can keep us apart!



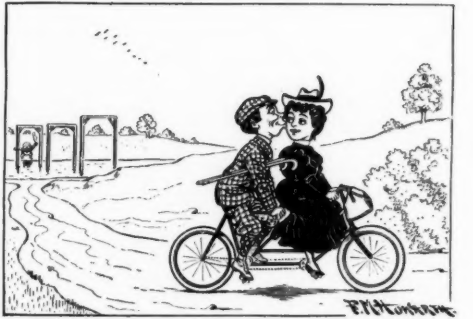
HARRY.—And thus into your arms, O Angelica! my fair one!



HARRY.—All ready for the return trip. Now hold tight on, and never fear. I could carry twice your weight.



HARRY.—And here we are, safe and sound, just as your Popper comes in sight. Now, jump!



HARRY.—And thus, darling, through life, will I overcome all difficulties for your sake. Yes; the Parson's house is only one mile beyond.

A DEFINITION.

"What is liberty?"
"Its th' roight to make somebody ilse vote wid de gang, begorra!"

IN THE SPANISH WAR DEPARTMENT.

FIRST OFFICIAL.—Those rebels must be afraid of General Weyler.

SECOND OFFICIAL.—Think so?

FIRST OFFICIAL.—Yes; He's been waiting for them in Havana several months and they don't dare to attack him.

HE WOULD BE GOOD.

GUMMEY.—Wanamaker would make a good President.

GLANDERS.—Of course he would. He would attend Sunday-school regularly.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

TWYNN.—It's queer how locality affects the form of proverbs.

TRIPLETT.—Is it?

TWYNN.—Yes. Now, in Colorado they speak of killing the goose which lays the silver egg.

ONE TEST.

JONES.—What do they consider in determining whether a territory should be admitted into the Union as a state?

ROBINSON.—How it is likely to vote at the next Presidential election.

THERE SEEMS to be an increasing inclination on the part of the public to resist the efforts of the silver mob to lynch the country's finances.



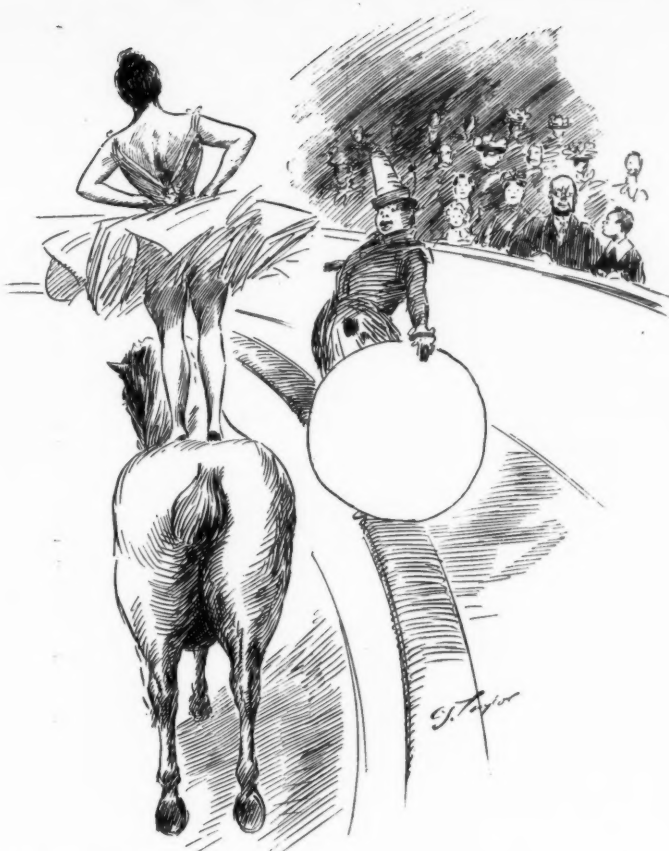
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"COMING EVENTS," ETC.

MOSE JOHNSON.—Wot ails yo'r countenance, Jim?

JIM JACKSON.—I dun called onto Miss Snoflake last evenin', an' durin' a little love-spat, she dun biffed me wif a flat-iron.

MOSE JOHNSON.—Yo' sly cuss!—I did n' know yo' two wuz engaged.



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A REVELATION.

WILLY (as he sees Mlle. Carvotti go around the ring).—Now I know why they call them bare-back riders, Father.

IN THE INTERIOR.

CONSTITUENT.—What's this I hear about them city folks gettin' around that Raines law just by callin' a saloon a hotel?

ASSEMBLYMAN.—Never mind—just give us time. If it's necessary we'll make it a misdemeanor to run any kind of a hotel in New York.

USEFUL IN WAR.

BROWN.—With the aid of the cathode ray the Italians might have prevented that disaster.

SMITH.—How?

BROWN.—They might have taken a snapshot at Menelek's backbone and let him alone.

BUT IT DID N'T SEEK HIM.

"Well," remarked the office, as it set out to seek the man, "what a soft snap I would have if I wanted McKinley!"



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NOT ALTOGETHER A DISADVANTAGE.

MAMA.—I vos looking at some goods to make a new dress for little Ikey. Dey vos quivite cheap; but I t'ink ven dey 're vashed dey vill shrink.

PAPA.—Vell, if dey do, eferybody vill say how fast little Ikey vos growin'.

Monarch

Mounted on this king of bicycles, you are Monarch of all you survey. All nature is yours as you speed along on your ride of health and happiness. You can depend on the MONARCH in any emergency. There's "Know How" in the making.

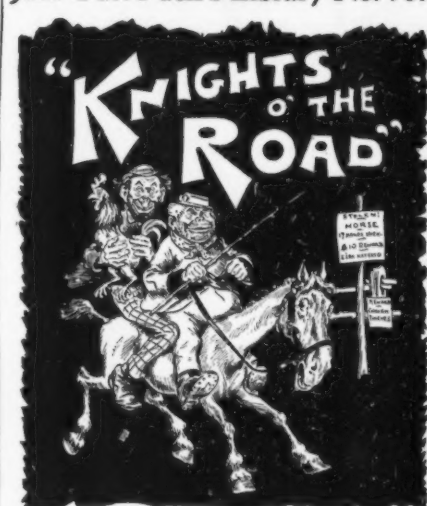
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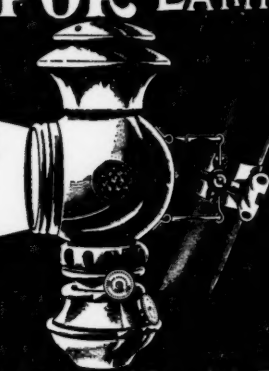
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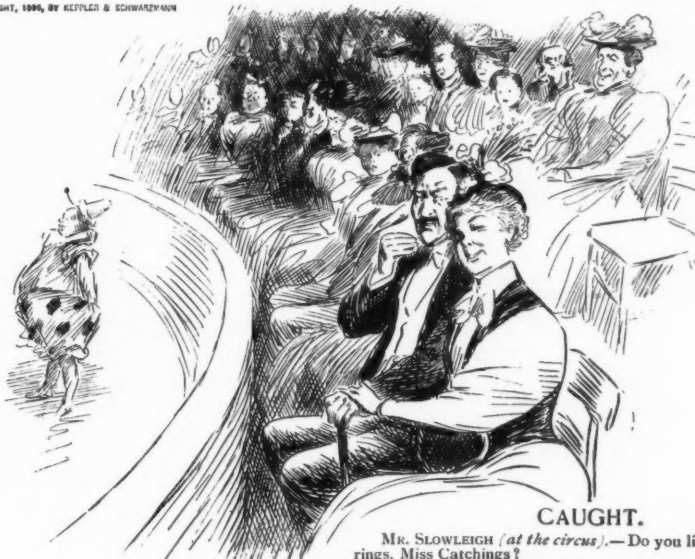
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MR. SLOWLEIGH (at the circus).—Do you like three rings, Miss Catchings? MISS CATCHINGS (shyly).—Oh, he, he! Mr. Slowleigh! This is such a queer place to propose. No; one ring will be sufficient.

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EVER YOUNG AND FAIR. If we live in thoughts, not years, 'T is very plainly seen Why many maidens never reach Further than sweet sixteen. —*Detroit Free Press.*

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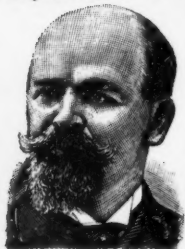
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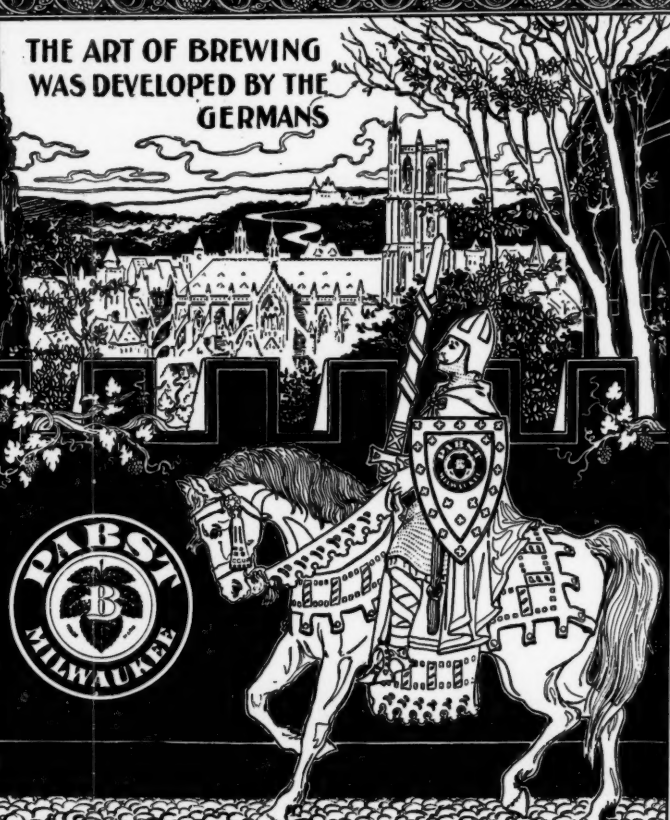
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—New York Weekly.

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PUD.—Don't yer like de place yer is workin' at?
REDDY.—Yes; but I worked de funeral-of-a-dead-relative racket last year till I hain't got no more relatives left. I 've got to get a new place or stay home from de games.

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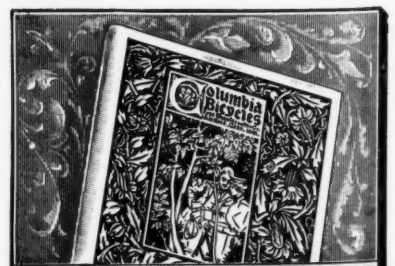


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DEACON JOHNSON.—Do yo' fink yo' kood support mah daughter, ef yo' married her?

JIM JACKSON.—Suttinly.

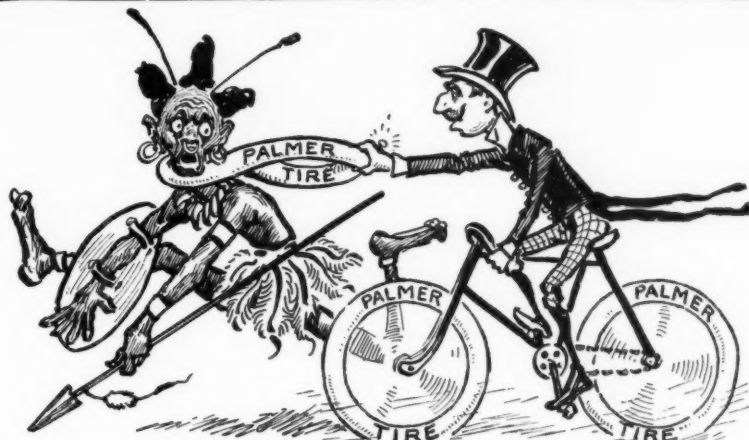
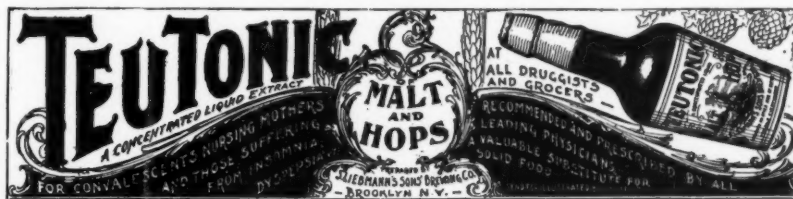
DEACON JOHNSON.—Hab yo' ebber seen her eat?

JIM JACKSON.—Suttinly.

DEACON JOHNSON.—Hab yo' ebber seen her eat when nobody was watchin' her?



A SCHOOL JOURNAL advises: "Make the school interesting." Johnny Chaffie says that's what he tries to do to the best of his ability.—*Texas Sifter*.



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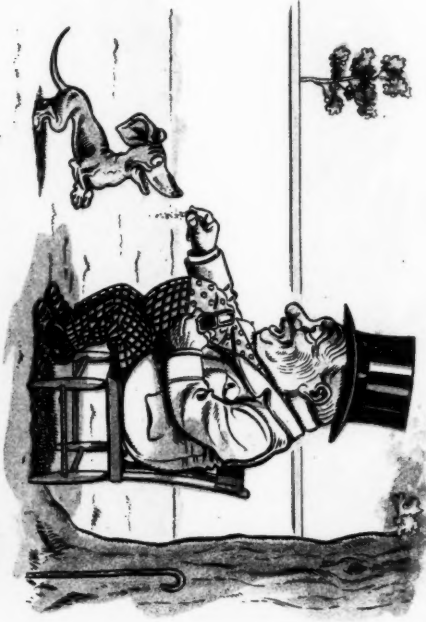
MR. DINGLEDEFFER.—Ach, himmel! I vas so tired dot I vas silt mensel down undt rest.



"Now, I schoost dake a schnooze. Ach! dot new high hat vas so heady, I lays him down mit gate.



MR. DINGLEDEFFER.—Vell, I haf slept me a good nap. I guess I petter pe going apout mein pushness.



"Now a binch ov snuffs would pe schoost der dings. Vot, you vould like some too, doggie? Ha, ha! Vell, you shall haf some.



"Dot ish vot I galls sould gomfort."



"Vot 's dot I struck? S' helhp me gracious! mein new hat! —!***??"



"Vot! You dond't like him? Ho, ho! ha, ha! Dot vas von goodt schoke.



FIDO.—Yes! Now this is where I come in.



FIDO.—He 'll give me sneezing-powder again will he? Ha, ha!
MR. DINGLEDEFFER.—A doctor I must see at once. I get me more gareless undt gareless effery day. Dot paraisis I must be gedding.

UP TO SNUFF; OR, FIDO'S REVENGE.